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Tales and Miscellanies.

From "Nights at Mess"—Blackwood's Magazine.

OLD HIXIE.

On this day, we had fewer strangers amongst us than usual. Every thing went on like a family party. I observed only one or two new faces, and was greatly taken with the expression of the young man's countenance who sat next me. Old Hixie was on the other side of him, and showed by the friendliness of his manner, how delighted he was, to have secured so agreeable a listener. Of all the good-natured fellows I ever met with, in the whole course of my travels, old Hixie was five hundred times the best. It was impossible to put him out of temper: if you attended to him, he was delighted—if not, he seemed just as delighted as ever. His stories—he had only two—were as well known as himself; so it may easily be imagined how pleasing a stranger must have been, who not only had never heard his anecdotes, but was evidently well inclined to hear them. Hixie was now fat, red, and forty-seven. He could have furnished forth three of the finest characters in 'King Henry the Sixth.'—Bardolph would have gloried in his nose, Sir John in the roundness of his paunch, and Pistol might have been proud of the liveliness of that peculiar faculty which they say is generally found most powerfully developed in travellers. At the same time, old Hixie was as brave as Hotspur. But somehow or other, though he had only two stories, he made them go a great way, by little additions or subtractions.—He never told them twice, with exactly the same conclusions; and our only wonder was, how a gentleman, with such a talent for improving and altering, never took a bolder step, and invented a new one altogether. He could have written myriads of novels, if any one would only have furnished him with a beginning; for, when once set afloat, it was delightful to see with what incidents he embellished the narrative as he proceeded. Furnish him with tools, he could wield them like a master; but without tools, he could do nothing.

"Have you been long in York?" he asked the young gentleman who sat between us.

"I only arrived late last night. I was detained on the road by a sort of adventure."

"How—how?—I'm so fond of adventures. What was it?"

"Why, as I was sitting quietly smoking my cigar behind the coachman, a lady, inside, stooped the coach, and begged that some gentleman would exchange places for a stage or two with a young female who felt very unwell. An old fellow beside me immediately volunteered. I got down, effected the exchange in a jiffy, extinguished my cigar, and addressed myself to the invalid at my side. Her face was so muffled up, that I could not catch the smallest glimpse of her features, and her figure was equally obscured by a prodigious tartan cloak. She only answered 'yes' or 'no' to my observations; and at last, concluding she felt too unwell to enter into conversation, I left her to herself, and amused myself by admiring the scenery. But there is something in travelling with any one, which always makes one impatient to discover who they are. Don't you think so?"

"Think so?" said Hixie, "to be sure I do. I can never rest, till I find out every thing about them."

"Well, I went on, wondering who this female could be; and after about half an hour's silence, I addressed myself to her again—'Are you going far?' she answered.

"Yes; a very long way," she answered.

"I did not like to ask her her destination point blank: besides, as I am myself engaged to be married, the end of this month, my curiosity about young ladies is not so lively as it used to be.

"I hope you won't suffer from the journey," I said, "for travelling must be very fatiguing to invalids."

"Every time we stooped to change horses, inquiries were made by the lady inside, how she supported the fatigue; and, altogether, there was something about those two women, which, in spite of my engagement, made me anxious to find them out."

"Did you find them out?" said old Hixie,—"I'm confoundedly anxious myself—though I think I know who they were."

"Indeed?" replied the young man; "you must have a great knack at guessing. Well, they left the coach at some town or other on this side of Manchester, and as I thought this would be a famous opportunity to discover them, I offered them my escort while the passengers stopped to dinner. The muffled lady clung very closely to my arm while I superintended the unloading of their luggage, and, at last, on a card which was nailed upon one of their trunks—

"You saw the name," said Hixie, "and it was your sweetheart. My heavens! you cried—Maria, or Julia, or what-

ever her name is, who expected to find you here? Ah! dearest love, she replied, how could I stay away from you? I knew you were coming to York, and I thought Gretna-Green just a step beyond, so I persuaded this old lady to travel along with me, till we overtook you, and now to find you here, Oh Heavens!"

It is uncertain, how long old Hixie would have gone on giving his version of the story; but the young man looked quite steadily all the time, and interrupted him—

"No, sir. I found it was a Mrs and Miss Smith, on their way to Scarborough. The young lady was about forty years of age, and afflicted with erysipelas in the cheek. I know nothing more about them, except that my politeness cost me my place; for the coach had started before I returned from seeing them to their lodgings."

"And is that all? Is that the adventure? My eyes! What a much better one I could have made of it!"

"But it is truth."

"Pooh, pooh! what does that signify? No man is on his oath after dinner, and if a little coloring is required, who the deuce is to stand on such a trifle as that?"

But a good listener, was by no means to be thrown away, though he proved to be an indifferent story-teller; so old Hixie, after flooring about a bottle in an incredible short space of time, commenced his attack upon the stranger. It was evident the young man entered fully into the narrator's peculiarity, and enjoyed the fun very much. But I am afraid it is impossible to convey any idea of Hixie's manner upon paper. In the first place, one misses the lustrous rubicundity of his countenance, and the contrast, ineffably ludicrous, furnished by the lugubriousness of his stories: for both of them were intended to be pathetic; and the inextinguishable hilarity of his face! If you can imagine either Keeley performing Lear, or Jack Reeve murdering Desdemona (and Othello,) you will have some little idea of old Hixie enacting the romantic, and occasionally overcome by his feelings.

"Take a good pull at the bottle," he began, "for my story is so confoundedly dismal, it always makes me as thirsty as a sand-bank. Grief, they say, is dry. I'm sure I find it so. It is now nine-and-twenty years since I entered his Majesty's service, though nobody, to look at me, could suppose that I was much older than that, altogether. Well, I was fond of the army, and whenever a man is fond of anything, he is sure to excel in it."

"I back old Hixie for a rum and dozen, to drink three bottles of port and six tumblers of brandy and water, without being a bit tipsy," cried a young lieutenant, near the bottom of the table.

"Impossible!" said the other; "no man can drink such a lot as that, and walk straight to bed, after it."

"Well, will you say so? Old Hixie will delight in the match: for don't you recollect in one of his stories where he always says that people delight in what they excel in?"

The bet was made; and the narrator, taking no notice of this unfortunate interruption, proceeded with his story.

"I soon made myself as much master of my profession as I am at this moment. I taught myself that a soldier's duty is paramount to every other consideration; that home, country, friends, Ay, love itself, must give way, to the stern claims of duty. Duty is to a soldier—

"Hixie, my dear fellow, leave out the rest of your homily on duty, for we know it pretty well by heart," said the same young lieutenant, who was now attending to the quartermaster's harangue.

"Hush, Saville," said Hixie; "I'm only giving a little private anecdote to my young friend here; and I bar all interruptions."

Saville let him have his own way, but the word was passed round, that Hixie had got hold of a listener, and every eye was turned to the animated countenance of that most eloquent and highly flattered gentleman.

"A young man," he continued, "about the same age as myself, entered the army the very day I did, and was appointed my regimental servant. His name was John Taylor—upon my soul, the handsomest fellow I ever saw in my life. He was rather taller than I was, being six feet high without his shoes, dark, brown curling hair, and deep expressive eyes—in fact, he was the best looking youngster in our regiment, and we were certainly a splendid body of men. John Taylor, as I have said, was rather taller than I was, and not quite so stout, but—

"In fact," interrupted Saville, "he was twice your height, and half your thickness, so that you might have been rolled out into just such another."

"Exactly," replied Hixie, "but you promised to be quiet. Well, this young man struck me, from the very first, to be something different from what his situation might have led one to suppose. His manners, too, were of a most superior

order; and altogether there was something about him which made me feel it very difficult to order him—to clean my boots. To all my questions of where he came from, and what induced him to enter the army, he gave evasive replies, and seemed little inclined to enter into any conversation on such subjects. At last, however, he appeared a little more communicative—he told me he came from a village in Kent, with which I happened to be acquainted; that love, which is the cause of all our joys, all our sorrows," (here Hixie heaved a deep sigh,) "was the cause of all his misfortunes. He told me no particulars, but I confess I was interested by the little he had confided to me. And though our ranks were so different, and our relative positions in the service kept us so far apart, By Heavens! I exclaimed to myself one morning, as he brought me a pot of beer, and poured it out for me, with the air of an Emperor, By Heavens! I should like very much to help this unfortunate lover, or at least to know every thing about him. Gentlemen, you may perhaps think it was below the dignity of a superior officer, when I confess to you that I pumped him—But consider I was then only an ensign of foot, and confoundedly anxious to discover the mystery of his love. 'Taylor,' said I, 'I am acquainted with the little village of Hawley from which you come.' He started as I spoke. 'Are you, sir?' said he; 'it is a most romantic spot.' 'Do you mean romantic from the beauty of its situation, or from any adventures you have met with there?' He stammered a little as he answered me—'Beauty, sir? situation, sir? Oh, yes—very romantic.' He sighed as he concluded, and hurried off with my linen to the washerwoman. By Jupiter, thought I, this is very extraordinary; a common soldier talking of romance and beauty—there is more in this than is dreamt of in the philosophy of the ranks. I'll inquire into it. My curiosity, however, remained for a long time ungratified. We were now in all the hurry of preparation for foreign service; for we had received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for embarkation. I made sure, in the course of the voyage, of picking up the particulars of his history; but what was my surprise and disappointment to find, that about three weeks previous to the time fixed for the sailing of the expedition, John Taylor had disappeared! A deserter,—could he be a thief? I counted my shirts and stockings, that instant, and found every thing correct. I found also a letter addressed to me, stating, that my kindness during the time he had been in the service, prompted him to inform me of his resolution to leave the army—and also to give me to understand, that the circumstances which had led him to enter the service, no longer existed; and that he had every chance of being happy in his love!—This letter only added fuel to fire, and how the deuce was I to act? Here was a deserter had made me the confidant of his desertion. Heavens! imagine me shot, for aiding and abetting a crime, against which my sense of duty made my inmost soul revolt! But how to proceed, was the difficulty. If I showed the letter at all, or acted upon it, would it not appear immediately that I knew all about his design, about the causes of his enlistment, and about the issue of his love? Heavens! I never was in such a quandary—and not to be acquainted with the secret after all! He was advertised, and described in handbills; rewards offered for his apprehension, men sent out in search of him in all directions; but no tidings did we hear of John Taylor. Our Colonel, who was a prodigious martinet, and very proud of the appearance of his men, was very much distressed by the loss of the flower of the regiment; and he vowed that if he were discovered at any time, no matter how distant, he should be shot as a warning to others. Well, our preparations for embarkation still continued; I got another servant, but he was such a cursed little ugly fellow, that I never troubled myself to imagine whether he had ever been in love, or not. In about a fortnight after the desertion, we were marched to the coast, and after a week's practising and delay, till the expedition was concentrated, we at last set sail, and with a fair wind and fine weather, landed on the loveliest shore in the world—the coast of Portugal. Well, we dodged about from one place to another—Sir Hew gave us very little rest—and at last our regiment found itself stationed at a small village, a few miles from the memorable town of Cintra.

"My eyes! what a beautiful country! hills and valleys, all steeped in continual sunshine—and excellent port-wine about nine-pence a bottle! We received our billets; and I went with mine, to the house of a Signor Jonchim Fernando Pereira, and a beautiful, snug house it was. The Signor himself, they told me, was from home, but I was received by the loveliest woman I ever beheld—drest like an angel, and with such enchanting smiles—I never felt so inclined to be ravenously in love. But no! there was something about the Lady Seraphina that made me thrill with awe, as well as kindle with admiration. Oh, what a delicious thing it is to sit beside

a surpassingly beautiful woman, and gaze on her charming features, even though you don't exactly comprehend her language—and I must say, the Lady Seraphina was the best mixer of brandy and water, and also the best judge of a true Havana, I have ever met with. I had staid in the house rather more than a week, without ever seeing Signor Joachim, when at last I was told he was expected that evening, and if I could get quit of my brother officers, he would be delighted to see me in his private room. This was told to me by the Lady Seraphina, in her broken language; but, by Jupiter, a lovely woman has very little use for a tongue! The eyes do every thing, and have far more effect than a sermon. About seven that evening, I was ushered by the lady herself through several rooms, and at last conducted to a chamber at a remote end of the house. The door was opened, and I saw only one gentleman, sitting at a table which was covered with every delicacy you can imagine, and a huge case of spirits stuffed to the very brim. I made my bow, and when I had recovered my upright position, I gazed with speechless astonishment on the countenance of my entertainer. There never were two peas in a pod, more alike than Signor Joachim Fernando Pereira, and my late servant, John Taylor, the deserter. He spoke, none of your cursed soft sounding Portuguese, but the purest English, and with the finest pronunciation, just as I do myself. The moment I heard his voice, Oh the dickens, said I, here's a pretty mess! This fellow is resolved to be the death of me, first by raising my curiosity, and next by martial law, for concealing a deserter. 'Taylor,' I said, 'here's a devil of a go.'—'Sit down, my dear Mr Hixie,' he replied—'Seraphina, my love, hand a chair to Captain Hixie, and thank him for his kindness to your husband.' I only looked for a moment in her face—My eyes, such a face and such a smile!—I took the chair, and endeavored to steel my heart to the due performance of my duty.

"Seraphina, my angel, make the Captain a glass of brandy and water, and hand him a cigar." I sat all this time quite mute. What, drink and smoke with a deserter! Impossible—I declare, I was so petrified, that I found it impracticable to refuse in words—but I shook my head in token of refusal. In the meantime, the lady made me the tippie, and presented me with a cigar—such a hand! so white, so beautiful, such taper fingers, and so covered with rings—and besides, she had never been a deserter. I sighed from the bottom of my heart, and lighted the Havana. Pereira then began. "You must hear my story, Mr Hixie, before you judge too harshly of my conduct." "Say on, sir," said I, working myself into a fearful regard for duty.—"I told you, you recollect, at Winchester, that the circumstances which had led me into the army, were at an end; and that I had every prospect of happiness in my wooing. My father was a wine-merchant, in very extensive business, and sent me to his correspondent here, to superintend his interests on this side of the water. I did so for several years; and when I tell you that Seraphina was the daughter and only child of the merchant at whose house I lived, I need not inform you, that my time passed, as the poet says, on angel wings. Her father, the Signor Pereira, was rich and proud. I, however, was a great favorite with him, and as my father had been of considerable service to him in the way of trade, I perceived, that could I gain the daughter's affections, I had nothing to fear on the score of his withholding his consent. In this I was not disappointed. Seraphina confessed that she had loved me long—Seraphina, my love, make the Captain another glass—and on applying to the father for his approbation, he told us, he could refuse nothing to the son of his English friend. Bypassed up with flattering hopes, I went over to England on the earliest opportunity; presented myself to my father, but found him not only opposed to the match, but raving against it with such a ferocity of resentment, that I saw at once it would be impossible to overcome his scruples. I lost no time, however; the effort pained me in writing this dreadful news to Pereira—but praying him at the same time to allow us to continue our engagement, in hopes of overcoming the objections of my father. The answer was a death-blow to my hopes—that Seraphina should never be allowed to enter any family which was not proud of such an acquisition—Seraphina, my angel, give the Captain a fresh cigar—and in short, vowing, in terms scarcely less energetic than those of my father, that nothing should ever reconcile him to the connexion. I had a friend at Hawley, in Kent, who was the only one to whom I confided the difficulties of my position. He told me, he knew one plan by which I might make a last effort to work on the tenderness of my father. He advised me to prove to him the sincerity and constancy of the passion which consumed me, by entering the army as a private, and writing to apprise him of my situation. My friend assured me, from his knowledge of my father, that such a step was almost certain to lead him to relent; and that having once convinced him of my firmness, every thing else would follow as we could wish. Persuaded by my friend, I consented to give his advice a trial. I enlisted in the army—Seraphina, my life, another tumbler for the Captain—I found my situation intolerable, cheered only by the condescending kindness of a very distinguished officer in the regiment—make it strong, my angel—to whom, I am sure, my gratitude will never suffer decrease.—He bowed as he spoke, but I smoked on, determined to take no notice, but to do my duty, and deliver him up to justice. I wrote to acquaint my father with

what I had done, and again to implore him to give his consent, and make two lovers happy. Back came an answer, still more furious than his former declaration, informing me, that he had promised that I should marry the daughter of his English partner—that finding me incorrigibly obstinate and degraded, by reducing myself to the rank of a common soldier, he had cut me out of his Will, washed his hands of me for ever, and hoped I might be flogged as early and as severely as the service would admit.—'Very sensible man,' I said; 'he knows something about military law.'—'This, you will allow, Captain,' he continued, not minding my observation, 'was a hard letter to receive from a father. I wrote to my friend at Hawley, imploring him to write to Signor Pereira, informing him, that though my father was obstinate, it was through no disrespect to him or his family; but solely from a previous engagement into which he had entered without consulting my inclinations; but that I continued fondly devoted to Seraphina; and though no longer rich, or fit in any way to be a match for so much loveliness and virtue, that I hoped to be permitted to devote my life and my knowledge of business, to his service. A month brought me an answer—such an answer! Mr Hixie, you are a man of sentiment, a man of feeling; you will judge of the contending emotions in my bosom, when my friend forwarded to me a letter from Seraphina herself. It told me that her health had failed ever since I left them—that her father did nothing but weep—that the house, which had once been alive to nothing but mirth and music, was nothing now but the dark abode of a despairing maid and a miserable old man.—A tear was in his eye as he spoke; and curse me, if I could prevent a little quivering of the upper lip. I pretended to have burnt it with the cigar; and that loveliest of women had another in my cheek in a moment. After a short pause, during which Seraphina compounded a tumbler for each of us, he proceeded.—The letter then went on to say, that her father's pride had yielded at last, and that as his physicians informed him he had but a short time to live, he was anxious to see me as early as possible, and to give me his daughter and his blessing, before he died. I had no time to wait and negotiate about the purchase of my release; in fact, I had no money, and no friend in England to whom I could apply. I resolved to send the requisite funds as soon as I should reach Pereira; and stealing quietly out of the camp, I made my way directly to the sea, and in a fortnight was in this place, and the happiest of men. Here I have been for a year; never yet having had time or a proper channel for transmitting the money for my discharge, but now happy to have in my house a gentleman, whose previous kindness, under very different circumstances, leads me to hope he will not refuse his assistance upon this occasion. My father-in-law died shortly after my marriage, and as my father continued obstinately to cast me off, he begged me, in taking possession of his fortune, also to adopt his name. This I have done; and I now wait your determination, whether you will aid me in obtaining a discharge, on payment of whatever sum may be demanded.' I paused before I made any reply; and Seraphina laid her hand imploringly on my arm. 'Amigo nuestro,' she said, and looked so beseechingly in my face—I could not stand it, and finished my tumbler at a draught. 'It is now too late,' I said. 'If the Colonel sees you—he is a confounded hard-hearted, unromantic Scotchman—I'm hanged if he does n't have you shot at the drum-head, as soon as winking.' 'Oh Dios!' sighed Seraphina, and leaned her head on my shoulder—such a beautiful white neck, and ear-rings as large as an epaulet! What was I to do? If old Crawford got hold of him, he was gone to a certainty. Duty commanded me to leave him up without loss of time—Pity told me to sit still, and say nothing about it. Seraphina kept constantly whispering in my ear, in her own delicious language, though what it was she said, I had no means of finding out, and what was to be done, I did not know. But what! am I to allow compassion to drown the call of duty? No!"

Here little Hixie became so animated, partly by the interest of his story, partly by the extent of his potations, that his fat, red face became fir redder and fatter; and he absolutely panted for breath, like a grampus.

"Here, my lads," he continued, "was a beautiful woman, fleecing and beseeching—there, an unfortunate man, with the finest case of spirits I ever met—but what were these to one who was devotedly attached to duty? What was I to do?"

"Why," said Saville, "last time you told the story, you had him shot for desertion, after a drum-head court martial,—the time before, you let him off for a flogging,—for God's sake, spare him altogether to-night."

"What! spare a deserter altogether? I'll see him d—d first—it would have a very bad effect. No; I yielded so far to their entreaties, that, in fact, I—I—I undertook, you'll perceive, to manage the matter for them, on condition of their forfeiting one pipe of port, and one hoghead of Madeira; to the use of his Majesty's service. It was given in all due form to the mess; and when I gave them a discharge in proper style for the private, John Taylor, you never saw two people so overjoyed in your life. Those Portuguese, you'll understand, kiss upon the most trifling occasions; but, my heavens! I don't believe any lady ever had such magnificent lips, as the Lady Seraphina."

The little man threw himself back in his chair, and seemed to glow with the recollection of these imaginary kisses.—

For imaginary indeed they were. The gentleman, who had listened throughout the story very attentively, was just about to make a reply, when he was addressed from the bottom of the table, by a gentleman in plain clothes, who spoke with a very Scottish accent.

"Sir, I've been listenin' a' night, to the story o' the Quarter-Master. I was in the regiment wi' him at the time, and can bear witness to his anecdote, for I mind it very weel.—There certainly was a lad o' the name o' John Taylor, listed wi' us at Winchester; he was a lang, thin, good-for-nothing-like fellow, wi sic a greswome cast in his een, that we all wondered at Hixie's takin' him for his servant. Weel, in a wee while after, he was detected drunk twa or three times, and auld Crawford threatened him sae strongly, that the ne'er-do-weel deserted, and carried aff wi' him a' the handkerchiefs and half the snuff-boxes in the regiment. He didna trouble Hixie's wardrobe, for he carried most of it on his back,—but I mind very weel we caught the scoundrel when we were in Portugal, playing aff his tricks under a foreign name, and passin' aff a disreputable Portuguese jaude for his wife; but, my certie, auld Crawford cared naething for his foreign name, nor his huzzie, but just had him identified; and I mind perfectly, he consulted some o' us whether he should shoot him as a deserter, or only flog him as a thief. He was flogged in due course, an' a terrible skirlin' the creature made. So you see this is either the same story, or one very much like it."

Old Hixie opened his eyes when he heard this new version; and after trying for some time to look offended, found the attempt vain, and burst into a laugh. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "all I have to say is; which of these stories do you like best?"

From the Works of Chateaubriand.

MUSINGS IN THE COLOSSEUM.

[The following reflections on the contrast between the present and former state of Italy, from the pen of one of the most finished writers of his age, present a much better specimen of the style of the original, than is usually to be found in the English translations from his works; although in this, some of the peculiarities of his manner, are unavoidably lost.]

On a beautiful evening in July, I seated myself in the Colosseum, on a step of the altar dedicated to the sufferings of the Passion. The sun was setting, and poured floods of gold through all the galleries, which had formerly been thronged with men; while at the same time, strong shadows were cast by the broken corridors and other ruinous parts, or fell on the ground in large masses, from the lofty structure. I perceived among the ruins, on the right of the edifice, the gardens of Cæsar's Palace, with a palm-tree, which seems to have been placed in the midst of this wreck, expressly for painters and poets. Instead of the shouts of joy which heretofore proceeded from the ferocious spectators in this Amphitheatre, on seeing Christians devoured by lions and panthers, nothing was now heard but the barking of dogs, which belonged to the hermit, resident here, as a guardian of the ruins. At the moment that the sun descended below the horizon, the clock in the dome of St Peter's, resounded under the porticos, of the Colosseum. This correspondence, through the medium of religious sounds, between the two grandest monuments of Pagan and Christian Rome, caused a lively emotion in my mind. I reflected that this modern edifice would fall in its turn, like the ancient one, and the memorials of human industry succeed each other like the men, who erected them. I called to mind, that the same Jews, who, during their first captivity, working on the edifices of Egypt and Babylon, had also, during their last dispersion, built this enormous structure; that the vaulted roofs, which now re-echoed this Christian bell, were the work of a Pagan Emperor, who had been pointed out by prophecy as destined to complete the destruction of Jerusalem. Are not these sufficiently exalted subjects of meditation, to be inspired by a single ruin, and do you not think that a city, where such effects are produced at every step, is worthy of examination?

I went to the Colosseum again yesterday, the ninth of January, for the purpose of seeing it at another season, and in another point of view. On my arrival, I was surprised at not hearing the dogs, who generally appeared and barked in the superior corridors of the Amphitheatre, among the ruins and withered herbage. I knocked at the door of the hermitage, which was formed under one of the arches, but I received no answer—the hermit was dead. The inclemency of the season, the absence of this worthy recluse, combined with several recent, afflicting recollections, increased the sadness arising from this place, to such an extent, that I almost supposed myself to be looking at the ruins of an edifice, which I had, a few days before, admired in a fresh and perfect state. It is thus, that we are constantly reminded of our nothingness. Man searches around him, for objects to convince his reason—He meditates on the remains of edifices and empires: forgetting that he himself is a ruin still more unstable, and that he will perish even before these. What most renders our life "the shadow of a shade" is, that we cannot hope to live long in the recollections of our friends. The heart in which our image is graven, is like the object,

of which it retains the features—perishable clay. I was shewn, at Portici, a piece of cinder taken from Vesuvius, which crumbled into dust when touched, and which preserves the impression (daily diminishing) of a female's breast and arm, who was buried under the ruins of Pompeii. Though not flattering to our self-love, this is the true emblem of the traces left by our memory in the hearts of men, who are only dust and ashes.

Before I took my departure for Naples, I passed some days alone at Tivoli. I traversed the ruins in its environs, and particularly those of Villa Adriana. Being overtaken by a shower of rain in the midst of my excursion, I took refuge in the Halls of Thermes, near Pecile, under a fig-tree, which had thrown down a wall, by its growth. In a small octagonal saloon, which was open before me, a vine had penetrated through fissures in the arched roof, while its smooth and red crooked stem mounted along the wall, like a serpent. Round me, across the arcades, the Roman country was seen in different points of view. Large elder trees filled the deserted apartments, where some solitary black-birds found a retreat. The fragments of masonry were garnished with the leaves of scolopendra, the satin verdure of which appeared like mosaic work upon the white marble. Here and there, lofty cypresses replaced the columns, which had fallen into these palaces of death. The wild acanthus crept at their feet, on the ruins; as if nature had taken pleasure in re-producing, upon these *chefs d'œuvre* of architecture, the ornaments of their past beauty. The different apartments and the summits of the ruins were covered with pendant verdure; the wind agitated these humid garlands, and the plants bent under the rain of heaven.

While I contemplated this picture, a thousand confused ideas passed across my mind. At one moment, I admired, at the next detested, Roman grandeur. At one moment, I thought of the virtues, at another of the vices, which distinguished this lord of the world, who had wished to render his garden a representation of his empire. I called to mind the events, by which his superb villa had been destroyed.—I saw it despoiled of its most beautiful ornaments, by the successor of Adrian—I saw the barbarians passing like a whirlwind, sometimes cantoning themselves here; and, in order to defend themselves amidst these monuments of art which they had half destroyed, surmounting the Grecian and Tuscan orders, with Gothic battlements. Finally, I saw Christians bringing back civilization to this district, planting the vine, and guiding the plough into the temple of the Stoics, and the saloons of the Academy. Ere long the arts revived, and the monarchs employed persons to overturn what still remained of these gorgeous palaces, for the purpose of obtaining some master-pieces of art. While these different thoughts succeeded each other, an inward voice mixed itself with them, and repeated to me what has been a hundred times written in the vanity of human affairs. There is indeed a double vanity in the remains of the Villa Adriana: for it is known that they were only imitations of other remains, scattered through the provinces of the Roman empire. The real temple of Serapis at Alexandria, the real Academy at Athens, no longer exist; so that in the copies of Adrian, you only see the ruins of ruins.

THE DOOM OF GENIUS.

BY STEPHEN SIMPSON.

"A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants not to survive;
My heart shall be poured over thee, and break:
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom,
A softer glimpse; some stars shine through this night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight."

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

It is, perhaps, one of the most fertile and unceasing sources of acute anguish to men of genius, that they are the victims to irascibility: easily irritated, and difficult to appease. The same susceptibility that produces perfection, likewise begets the infirmities of nobler minds. Of quick perception, and intense feelings, penetrating into the occult and remote relations of things, not discoverable to common minds; they are agitated with sensations, and struck with impressions, that others are totally strangers to. With intellect thus, if I may use the figure, made raw by sensibility, it is not at all to be wondered at, that they should be more irritable than others; that they should feel shocked and pained by perceptions that strike callous and indurated minds with a force so feeble, as scarcely to make an impression. This irascibility, *irritable genius*, is one of the heaviest afflictions that bears down great minds into the caverns of misery. It is not only the source of present woe, but it becomes an apprehension of future horror. The violence of the shock sustained by the nerves, causes the victim to dread it with painful foreboding; and by dwelling on it, to aggravate its tortures a thousand fold, until every shoot of thought is loaded with a cluster of afflictions, and the soul droops to despair under the weight that oppresses it; like a tree bowed and broken down to the Earth, by its overburdened fruit.

Pride is equally a concomitant of this ethereal spirit, and renders men of genius above the sympathy of the mere ani-

mal world that floats around them. The pride of *Otway*, led him to the tomb dug by famine, rather than beg the reluctant boon of callous hearts, and empty heads. The pride of *Chatterton* made self-destruction preferable to the pangs of solicitation, and the meanness of beggary. The pride of *Burns* kept him exalted in honest and indignant independence, in an occupation at once discreditable, and harrassing to his sensitive feelings.

The pride of *Byron* drove him from Albion's shores, to a premature grave, among the venerated ashes of the descendants of Socrates. The pride of *Goldsmith* broke his heart on the verge of poverty's extremest ills. The pride of *Sheridan* debased the majesty of his genius at the shrine of Bacchus; and misfortune vanquished a soul which extorted the admiration of kings, and won the applause of envious rivals.

It is on this account, the world has so little sympathy for the misfortunes of genius. Instinct, loaded with wealth, cannot imagine how poverty and intellect, should rise above all the sordid passions which led it to grovel, in order to gather profit from the kennel, or pluck the fruit of labor from the yielding grasp of credulous honesty. They cannot realize the idea that a man should prefer even death to the degradation of soliciting the pity of an unfeeling world! And hence it is, they have no pity for genius, and see it die with indifference, perhaps exultation: consoling themselves for their inferiority, by reflecting, that even genius must bow before the power of God—if it refuses to bow to all other power. Genius is timid, modest, and retiring. It is sensitive, and shuns the collision of uncongenial matter. This is the finer and more delicate genius—the genius of thought, and abstract designs. It is accompanied by great delicacy of taste and passion; and never inhabits minds prone to physical pursuits, or the acquisition of money. A man may be a great General, but a great General never was a man of Genius. Genius distinguished for action, is of another species; it is of a grocer constitution—we have nothing to do with it at present; and never wish to come in contact with its ferocity and desperation.

Poverty is the natural doom of Genius. Its very conformation is inimical to sordid calculation, or selfish designs. It riots in visions, and lives in dreams. Its world is of its own creation; and its creations are all for the world, never for itself. Goldsmith was a child in all pecuniary matters. Fielding was wholly ignorant of the value of money. Byron bestowed the profits of his works upon his friends. Pope was avaricious and rich—and I never believed he had a soul of genius. He was a Waverley in verse—and what is Waverley but a literary tinker?

Genius cannot appreciate its own powers. It is as simple as a child in the midst of its massive and colossal grandeur. With no pretensions, it stands like the Atlas, soaring to the heavens, in the grand simplicity of nature! Who admires it? A few congenial spirits—the herd are awed—but they neither know its greatness, nor can they appreciate its worth! Folly greets it with a vacant laugh, and wealth derides it with a jingle of its purse.

Yet how rich and creative are its surpassing powers!—Behold it move the world to thinking! Behold it stimulating all mankind to action! It writes one sentence; and a million of glowing thoughts beam in the bursting mind! It exhausts worlds; and like Shakspeare, imagines new! It chains the fire of Heaven to the Earth; and conquers the Earth, by subduing its elements; and holding them in bondage.

Learning is knowledge acquired by study: Genius is knowledge attained by intuition. Learning deals in the past—Genius roams into the future. Learning preserves and reviews—Genius invents, discovers, conquers, and reveals! Genius is the loan of Heaven—Learning the reward of industry.

The eccentricities of Genius, are like the trail of the comet;—and you may detect the *pretender*, by his being *all trail*, and leaving no luminous body to support his affected coruscations.

No man can aspire to genius. It is only to be known by its fruits; and he who has it, will as certainly be crushed by its weight, as he will be immortalized by its magnificence.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

HYPOCHONDRIASIS.

A comfortable looking gentleman, of easy fortune, whose house, whose equipage, whose dinners, whose general condition, seems calculated to excite the envy of his toiling neighbors, often begins about the age of forty-five, or fifty, to lose his cheerfulness, to forego his customary exercises, to make his diet a subject of careful study, to regard with especial dislike, any wind that approaches within a few points of East, and to clothe himself with superabundant raiment. His conversation has undergone a change. From discourses relating to the sports of the field, or grave discussions of the corn laws and currency question, he perpetually deviates to the subject of his own health. He eats well, three times a day, but complains of loss of appetite. He looks smooth and roddy, but tells you that he looses flesh daily. His countenance assumes a melancholy cast; and all his meditations tend toward the subject of his digestive organs. He acquires an unhappy habit of feeling his own pulse, and often walks

to the looking glass, to inspect his own tongue; keeps a journal of his symptoms and feelings, and weighs himself once a week. If this unfortunate gentleman is blest with an apothecary largely endowed with the gift of listening, to him the patient unfolds a tale of sufferings, various and distressing: all his sensations, perverted from their proper ends, seem to have become the instruments of annoyance. All the powers of language are employed to describe the various perplexities which wait upon the functions of digestion and assimilation; the stomach has no capacity for suffering which is not called into activity; it is craving or vexed with nausea; it is distended, overloaded, aching, gnawing, burning, and drawn up with spasms; while the systematic intestines are seized with sudden pains and indescribable griefs which lead the sufferer to believe, that every viscus in his body is turned upside down. Every particular connected with the supposed history of his case, seems to him worth preserving. M. Dubois quotes the letter of such a patient to his physician, and it begins—"You shall be told, sir, my whole history. I was born at Geneva; and my father and mother were both very nervous. This is to begin at the beginning."

It may be that the alterative pills of the excellent apothecary, and his infallible black draught, fail to give relief. But kind friends and neighbors recommend the use of medicines, which are spoken very highly of in advertisements. Some of these are rather violent, and bring the patient to so faint a condition, that he passes quickly to the other stages of a disorder, which is now advanced to a very promising hypochondriasis.

The patient then, perhaps, experiences a division of his pains, without much diminution of them. No longer concentrated on the first passages, they are dispersed over the whole economy. Wherever, in the universal frame of the body, there is a nerve or a blood vessel, there is also some uneasy irregularity. His head alone is affected with as many maladies as would fill a hospital. Flashes of light affect his eyes; the noise of water is in his ears; stabs of pain affect his temples; invisible bands bind his aching brow; upon the vortex sits a load heavier than that carried by the strongest porter; the foot of a giant presses on his neck and shoulders. In these sensations there is a frequent variety, but rare relief. All at once, loud bells ring within the chambers of the inner ear; or the sounds of artillery, or voices of a multitude, break in upon the silence of the hypochondriac's parlor. Then his eyes become fantastically affected; the landscape is enveloped in smoke; the columns of the morning paper move on echelon; the patient is convinced that he is growing blind. It is incredible how much he suffers from the noise of children; the servants shut the doors with a violence that distracts him; and all his friends have acquired an unaccountable trick of talking loud.

In all this, although its details convey even to the most compassionate hearer, an idea of fancy and exaggeration, there is much real and pitiable suffering. Yet this is but a part of the woes of a hypochondriac. His very heart does not beat as it used to beat—it throbs, and jumps, and flutters, and sometimes appears to come to a complete stand-still.—When he lies on his left side, it knocks against his ribs as if it would come out of his thorax; and when he turns for relief to his right, the heart turns too, and keeps up the same disturbance. Then every particle of his skin has acquired an intensity of feeling; a current of air, an open door, torments him: the fresh atmosphere which comes into his close room with friends who have been riding or walking out of doors, feels raw and irritating to his organs of respiration, and chills his blood. Easy chair, or a comfortable sofa, he can find none. He loads himself with under-waistcoats of all denominations, and in number without number. He cannot always open his mouth with impunity, for the fog penetrates to his stomach, and refrigerates the vital organs, so that he does not recover it, for the whole day.

The mind, which has not been quite free from impairment from the first, now becomes more gravely affected. Reading and all mental occupation become irksome; every view of the past is tinged with sadness; the future prospect is without hope; and the fear of death is forever impending.

"The sun grows pale:

A mournful, visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above."

Strange fancies introduce themselves among the sufferer's thoughts. Sometimes he supposes himself to be expanded, like a balloon, and his specific gravity diminished, so that he dreads an involuntary ascent of the stars. Or his solid bulk is imagined to be so enlarged that it perplexes him to think how he shall get through the door. Certain untrue sensations in his conceptions are so compressed, that he conceives himself to be a piece of money. He often thinks himself dying; and is, occasionally, satisfied that he is dead.

Such is the disorder which medical writers call hypochondriasis. It happens, oddly enough, that the very errors of the faculty not unfrequently produce a great deal of comfort to persons laboring under this disorder. Well persuaded themselves that they labor under many grievous diseases, of which some one is the chief, they are never so happy as when they meet with a medical practitioner who, either in his innocence or artfully, fixes boldly on some organ as the fountain and origin of all the patient's symptoms. The patient tells his

friends, with an air of a man comfortably relieved from every doubt, that his new doctor has found out his complaint, and that he has got a disease of the mesenteric glands, or a schirrus of the bowels, or a softness of the brain. He now knows what he is about, and can pursue a regular plan; which he does until he removes to some other fashionable resort of the sick,—calls in another doctor, and finds out that they were quite mistaken at Bath and Cheltenham; and that he labors under some other malady, but quite as incurable.

WILLIAM HOWITT.—It appears that Howitt's "History of Priestcraft," has drawn forth a reply from Archdeacon Wilkins, in which the reverend gentleman, after reminding his antagonist that he is a Quaker, a poet, and a chemist, upbraids him for stepping out of his vocation. The following is a portion of Mr Howitt's answer:

"What business had I to quit my laboratory, and indulge in the pleasures of literature? in those pursuits which, according to Cicero, '*adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur.*'—What business had I to do this? It is true, little as I have done, I have already had my reward, in the life and strength and joy of my own spirit, and in the communion into which it has brought me with some of the first of minds. What business had Burns to leave his fields, where he

— "Walked in glory and in joy,
Following the plough along the mountain side?"

Why left he his fathoming of ale firkins, to write the merry Tam O'Shanter;—the beautiful picture of humble and pious Scottish life, the Cottar's Saturday Night; and songs and small poems, to whose quick spirit the heart of the Scottish exile, "encamped by Indian rivers wild," throbs tumultuously,

"And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls?"

And what business had Hogg to march out of Ettrick forest, and go waving his gray tartan up the streets of Edinburgh, strong in his marvellous resolve to enroll his name amid the poets of the land? Oh, James, James, "with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart!" What business hadst thou at the Queen's Wake? At the Court of Queen Hynde?—reelining in the glen, listening to the unearthly words of the pure Kilmeny; dancing with the fairies; telling of the Brownie of Bodaback; or singing one strong and peerless song of God's Omnipresence? What business had Allan Ramsay to go before thee, chanting of the Gentle Shepherd? or a far greater Allan to come after thee from the depths of Nithsdale, and casting down his mallet and chisel among his native rocks, dare to enter London and seat himself amid all the fair handiworks of Chantrey? What had he to do with collecting the songs of Scotland, or making mighty ballads of his own?

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,"

what were they to him?—he was overstepping his natural functions. Oh, honest Allan Cunningham! what business hadst thou with these things? And what business had William Roscoe to leave his mother's tap; to give over carrying out her pots of beer, and to go and write the lives of Popes and Italian Princes; to ennoble his own mind; to cast a splendor over his native town; and to leave a heritage to his children, richer than a patent of nobility? And what business had those shoemakers, Bloomfield the Farmer's Boy, and Gifford, the terror of dunces and the pride of Tories, to quit their stalls, and care to become famous? And those drapers' sons, Pope and Spothey, and honest Isaak Walton, what wrong-headedness was theirs! What right had Isaak to haunt the Dove, and Shawford brook, and the Thames, with his rod and line, and go in summer meadows, making sermons to himself, of such beautiful and serene piety, as seldom issues from the lithographic press for the use of State Priests? He has written the life of certain Church worthies too; and yet it is very questionable, that presumption of his. Those apothecaries, Crabbe and Keats, why did they not stick to their vocation, and avoid spoiling us with so much good poetry? What pity is it that our prudent Archdeacon was not present when Ben Johnson threw down his hod of mortar, and Shakespeare left off poaching, to warn them against the sins of writing dramas? Could he have prevailed on John Wilson, and John Gibson Lockhart, and Walter Scott, and Sharon Turner, to abide by their parchments and pleas, what reading of multitudinous volumes might we have been spared! Washington left his farming, to liberate his country; Franklin his types, to frame a constitution for her; and Dr Wilkins was not at hand to cry "Overstep not the proper limits of your profession!" From the ranks of trade from the very peasantry of the country, ascend to eminence Clergymen, Lawyers, and Merchants: three fourths of our nobility have sprung from the same source; and yet the enterprise of these men is very questionable; for numbers of them, with the happy daring of Sir Richard Arkwright, reached distinction by overstepping the proper limits of their original professions. Nothing, therefore, can be more questionable; for Archdeacon Wilkins questions it!"

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

A LEGEND OF THE SEEKONK.

Many years previous to the arrival of the pale-faces from the land of the rising sun, who brought with them pestilence and destruction, a community of natives dwelt in peaceful security, on the banks of the serene and lovely Seekonk.—About one and a half miles from where its waters unite with those of the Providence river, it expands into almost a lake; and the precipitous banks on either side, were, at the time of which we write, crowned with noble forest trees, which the hands of civilized men had not yet destroyed; and which were the haunt of the feathered tribe in innumerable varieties. In their season, the various species of water-fowl—a splendid variety of wild ducks—the widgeon—the active dipper, the brilliant white diver—the teal—and many others of the same species, which sportsmen now vainly sigh for, congregated here in great numbers.

On a point of land which projected from the Western shore, and which formed the Northern extremity of the seeming lake, were clustered the cabins of the community, which numbered about one hundred and fifty warriors. On one of those lovely evenings in that portion of the autumnal season which is denominated the "Indian Summer," the bright river lay sleeping in the slanting beams of the descending sun; reflecting the varied hues of the forest, which was arrayed in all the pride of autumnal splendor. The gradations from a slight yellow, to a rich, deep, bright crimson, were gorgeous and splendid beyond comparison. They seemed to have assumed their brightest and most vivid attire, as if in mockery of their demise; as death sometimes approaches in its most winning form.

"Why should not he whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on his robes of beauty, when he comes
As a deliverer? He hath many forms—
They should not all be fearful."

The air was of that rich bland consistency which no other country possesses. On the evening which I have attempted to describe, a light canoe, paddled by a single Indian, was seen to shoot from a small inlet or cove indented in the Eastern shore, and glide onward towards the Western. His figure was cast in Nature's most symmetrical mould: and although not heavily built, gave evidence of great personal strength. The canoe, impelled by his vigorous arm, moved with a speed equal to the flight of the swallow, and its prow was directed towards a ravine through which a small brooklet wound its devious course. It grated on the sandy beach, and with a bound, the voyager stood on the turf, which extended nearly to the water's edge. He secured his frail bark, and with a light and springing step, followed the course of the tiny stream which leaped and sparkled in the sunbeams; sometimes running over a bed of pebbles, and anon, gliding smoothly between banks fringed with long grass, which lay on the surface of the water, and waved with the motion of the current. At intervals, it would diverge into a glassy pool, so limpid and crystal-like, that the observer might note every small pebble intermingled with the pure white sand which composed the bottom. In many of the reservoirs, the large and fan-like leaves of the water-lily spread over the surface, and swayed to and fro, whenever a breeze ruffled the water.

The young Indian pursued the windings of the miniature river; and continued for a few moments, to advance, until he attained a beautiful spot; a fit haunt for elves and fairies. Two high and almost precipitous hills rose on each side the intermediate level space, measuring about twenty yards, and forming a velvet carpet, so soft that the observer might look for fairy rings; for no spot could be more suitable for their moonlight dances. The solitary Indian, as he gained this sylvan nook, extended his length on the turf; and when a zephyr whispered through the feathery boughs of the hemlock, he would turn and gaze, long and intently, on an opening in the confused and tangled mass of shrubbery, which bordered the Eastern extremity of the level ground. A slight rustle was at length heard; and an Indian maiden, one of the loveliest of her race, with a joyous step, advanced to meet the now erect and attentive listener.

They conversed long and earnestly. The fact of their

being betrothed, and the maiden's father being opposed, could be gathered from the conversation. The sun had now partly sunk beneath the horizon. Dense, dark clouds had begun to overspread the face of heaven: the wind moaned; and its whirls took up a few scattered leaves, which had fallen from the trees. Suddenly, a tall, gaunt Indian, whose dress and insignia denoted him to be a chieftain, stood before the lovers. The young warrior instinctively stepped between the object of his affections, and her stern father.—The chief bent on him a glance of deep and unsparing hatred. His nostrils were expanded—his mouth compressed—his dark eye flashed fire; and his brow was bent by concentrated rage and hate. The young man preserved a stern and composed mien, while the fair being at his side, clung to him in dread. Parrying a blow from the uplifted tomahawk, with his unsheathed hunting-knife, the young Indian caught his betrothed in his arms, and retreated swiftly down the ravine. The storm which had been gathering, burst with fearful fury. Forked lightning flashed—the wind howled and moaned down the deep glen—peals of thunder reverberated among the hills; and the waters of the previously calm and serene Seekonk were furrowed and agitated. The fugitives now attained the beach, pursued closely by the incensed chieftain. No time was to be lost. The canoe was launched—the Indian girl betrayed hesitation; but a whisper from the youth reassured her; and soon they were tossed by the waves. One stroke of the paddle placed them out of danger from the shore. Claspings the shrinking form of his loved one, he labored to gain the opposite bank. But the wild, yesty waves overwhelmed the frail conveyance.—Standing on the river's margin, the parent saw them, by the light of an intensely bright flash, sinking amid the troubled waters. An almost palpable darkness followed;—and they were never seen more.

The river was named by the Indians, "*Seekonk much to-kalee*," or the Grave of Faithful Lovers. A. R.

For the Literary Journal.

REFLECTIONS AT MIDNIGHT.

WRITTEN FROM AN EMINENCE, OVERLOOKING THE CITY.

The last, slow sound of the deep midnight bell
Has died away, upon my listening ear,
And tolled the death-knell of another day.
Now Silence and Repose, twin sisters, hold
Their gentle sceptre o'er submissive thousands,
That late, with noise and bustle, filled the scene
Now slumbering beneath me. All I see
Or hear; above, below, around,—Yea, all,
With a distinct, yet soft and soothing voice,
Seem in mine ear to whisper:—"Peace."—Earth sleeps.
Save ever and anon, the watchdog's voice,
No sound is heard: And e'en that single sound
Serves but to make the quiet seem more deep.
Almost I fear to breathe; lest e'en that breath
Should violate the hallowed stillness.

Now,

While others slumber, Midnight's soothing power,
Hushing the tumult of my soul, sheds o'er it
Her own tranquillity. I seem alone,
Yet in a crowd,—a populous solitude.
How many, and how varied, are the dreams,
Which occupy the ever-busy fancy
Of this vast multitude, in sleep enwrapped;—
Visions of wealth and want, of bliss and woe;
Of all, and more than all, that ever yet
Humanity has suffered or enjoyed.
Yet there, not all are slumbering. Nor do all
That sleep not, yield their willing spirits up
To the bland influence of this sacred hour.
Some o'er the classic page are poring;—some
Planning bright schemes of future fame or wealth,
Or power; and some, unholy profanation!
Are plotting deeds of blackest dye, too dark
E'en to be thought of, in the face of day.
Many, in weary languishing, wear out
The night, and long for morn's approach. A few
This peaceful hour have chosen to employ
In meditation, and in looking upward

Through lovely Nature, to her great First Cause.
He has bestowed this precious gift of night,
Not for man's rest alone:—His word declares,
That they of old, who loved his name and praise,
In the night season, thought upon their God.

Author of day and night, of sky and stars,
And the hushed earth beneath me! from my soul,
Banish each lust, each passion, and each thought
That doth not with the purity and peace
Of all I see, accord; and may this heart
Rejoice in all thy glorious, beauteous works;
And learn, thy power to reverence, thy love
To own, thy pleasure gladly to fulfil,
Thy smile to covet, and thy frown to dread,
More than aught else: and when alike
Of day and night, the bustle and the rest
No more shall vex mine ear, or soothe my care,
Grant me, thy face to see, thy favor prove,
In the bright world of everlasting love. T. S. & D.

For the Literary Journal.

THE CHEERFUL HEART.

"The summer is over,
The autumn is past;
Dark clouds round us hover,
Loud whistles the blast;
But clouds cannot darken, nor tempest destroy,
The soul's sweetest sunshine, the heart's purest joy." BARTON.

Stern Winter now his sceptre wields,
And triumphs in his might;
Nor bird, nor flower, fair Flora yields;
Discolored the late verdant fields;
Disrobed the woodland height;
And silent the sweet sylvan lyre;
Mute the carol of the choir.

The rain descends, and roars the sea;
Wild music from its depths arise;
Winds and waves alike contending,
Harmonious still their notes are blending:
Loud swells their psalm to the skies;—
And the harp of the heart its offering brings,
While Joy and Gratitude sweep its strings.

The Power who ordains their devotion,
Attunes to His praises the whole;
From the loud-toned organ of ocean,
To the soft-breathing lyre of the soul.
O, why o'er dark prospects in misery brood,
Unheeding the Author, the Giver of good!

Who knows no change, who still is near,
To bless us with His beams benign;
Whose "still small voice," our souls can cheer,
Though frowns December, dark and drear,
List but the voice divine.

Confesses but His might, and bend to His will,
And the heart, amid storms, holds its festivals still.

Though waste the fields, though dark the main,
Though cheerless now the view;
Sweet Spring will clothe anew the plain,
And Summer, with her smiling train,
Each faded charm renew:
The trees will o'ershadow again in their pride,
Light-hearted childhood sporting beside.

Again will come the reign of flowers,
Gentle gales their fragrance flinging;
Sweet birds again will sing to the hours,
Joyously building anew their love-bowers,
Through the wild-wood their melody ringing;
All nature around will look smiling and gay,
And in unison sweet will the heart-pulses play.

Why heed, then, Winter, sire austere,
Thy chilling look, thy stormy din;
Thou canst not chill the heart's warm sphere:
One thought of friends, of kindred dear,
And sweet the sunny glow within.
What though no sunbeams round me play,
Still brightly beams pure friendship's ray.

Mind has its hour of rapture, too;
"An hour for charm and spell,"
When fairy lights are round me cast,
When in some vision of the past,
Entranced in thought I dwell:
Or volume seek, of varied lore,
And, rapt, its sybil leaves explore.

To trace, perchance, in mystic fare,
Some hieroglyphic sign;
Some gem of genius, rich and rare,
Sunbeams of soul, fresh sparkling there,
With lustre all divine.
Pleasures like these have magic power
To while away the wintry hour.

OSMINA.

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NOTES ON STATUARY AND SCULPTURE.

NUMBER FOUR.

GRECIAN STATUARY; (continued).—Works of Phidias.—The Minerva.—The Olympian Jupiter.—The Minerva Polias.—The Parthenon.—The Elgin Marbles.—Character of the style of Phidias.—Advantages and effects of the study of living models.—Canons of Art.

Immediately preceding the time of Myron, great improvements had been made in Greece, in the useful as well as the elegant arts. Myron, as we have already remarked, was probably cotemporary with Phidias. When the latter commenced his labors, the minds of the Athenians were capable of appreciating, and their resources were sufficient to carry into execution, his great conceptions. Phidias was also peculiarly fortunate, in a patron worthy of his merits.—The destinies of Athens were then guided by the noble and high-minded Pericles; a man of refined taste, a profound statesman, and an accomplished scholar. He saw the immense advantages which in a political view, must eventuate from an encouragement of the bold designs of the artist:—while the lofty tone of public feeling, was competent to sustain the united efforts of these two master minds.

Phidias, whose works have procured him the appellation of the "Homer of Sculpture," was born at Athens. His biography affords but a few isolated facts relating to his works. These few, however, are full of interest. He wrought in bronze and marble: but his largest statues were of that class known by the appellation of "Toreutic" works composed of ivory and other materials, laid on in the form of veneers, on some less valuable internal substance. His great Athenian work of this class, was the Minerva of the Parthenon. Of this colossal statue, the exposed parts, representing the flesh, were of ivory: the drapery and ornaments, of gold; exceeding in value, the sum of nine thousand pounds sterling. The figure stood erect; holding in one hand, a spear; and in the other, an image of Victory. At its feet, was placed a splendid shield, covered with exquisite sculptures, representing the War with the Amazons. In one of the groups on the shield, the artist had introduced a representation of himself, with an allusion to his profession, in the figure of a man in the act of raising a stone. He had also formed the leader of the Athenian band, in the likeness of Pericles. As the popularity of the latter was then in the wane, this delicate compliment was highly resented by many of the Athenians; who also pretended that the introduction of his own portrait among the group, was a proof of the overweening pride of Phidias. On the downfall of Pericles, great exertions were made by his enemies, to ruin all his distinguished friends and adherents. So strong was the current of popular excitement, that many of them were banished from the city: and for these slight causes, together with his attachment to his patron, Phidias was included among the number. He is supposed to have died in exile, in the year four hundred and thirty-two, before Christ.

After his banishment, he went to the city of Elis; and there wrought his colossal statue of the Olympian Jupiter. This work he undertook, according to some au-

thorities, with a determination to revenge himself upon the Athenians, by forming a statue which should be superior to the Minerva. However this may have been, the Jupiter became the glory of Grecian art, and was considered one of the highest achievements of genius. The principal materials used in this work, were similar to those of the Minerva. It was placed in a sitting posture, on a magnificent throne, with one hand holding a Victory, and the other resting on a richly burnished sceptre. The head, neck, bust and other exposed portions of the figure, were of ivory; the hair and principal parts of the drapery, of gold. The vestments were inlaid with flowers of gold and precious stones; and the eyes are supposed to have been also formed of gems. The throne was embossed with scenes from history and fable: some of the figures being sculptured by Phidias, and the remainder painted in imitation of nature, by his brother Panænus.

When we consider, that this statue, formed of such materials, was finished throughout, in a style of the most exquisite and delicate workmanship, and that it was sixty feet in height, we need not be surprised that it was ranked among the "seven wonders of the world."

A work composed of such materials, must have been extremely exposed to injury by time; and accordingly, we find that great care was necessary to preserve it from decay.—It was repaired soon after the death of Phidias; and subsequently, an artist was attached to the temple, as one of its officers, whose duty it was, to keep the statue in a state of preservation. It, however, withstood the attacks of time and of the comparative barbarism of succeeding ages, for a much longer period than might reasonably have been predicted. In the reign of Julius Cæsar, it was damaged by lightning; and was afterwards, with great difficulty, preserved from a much worse fate. The vile and barbarous Caligula wished to transport it to Rome, in order that its head might be removed, and replaced by a likeness of his own. This was prevented by an ingenious exhibition of priestcraft. The officers of the temple caused a voice to issue from the interior of the statue, threatening shipwreck and destruction to the vessel on board which it should be placed. The artifice succeeded; and the statue was permitted to remain. It was, at length, transported to Constantinople, by Theodosius the Great, about nine hundred years after the time of its erection.

But even this was surpassed in magnitude, by another of the works of the same great master; his statue of Minerva Polias; which was of painted bronze. This stood on the Acropolis at Athens, and towered to so great a height, that it overtopped the battlements of the hill; and if we may credit the accounts of the Greek writers, could be discerned at sea, from off the promontory of Sunium; a distance of twenty-five miles.

The fact that this statue was painted, has been urged as a proof that the coloring of statues, was not as has been generally considered, a practice of comparatively barbarous times. But too much reliance has been placed on this fact: for if the object of the artist was to render the figure visible at a great distance, he might have consented to allow it a meretricious embellishment, which he would have considered a barbarism, if applied to a statue of ordinary size.

But however great may have been the conceptions of Phidias in the productions which have been noticed; and however skilful the workmanship in which these conceptions were embodied; it is to the merit of his sculptures in marble, that he owes the high pre-eminence of his reputation. He was for fifteen years, the director of the public works at Athens; and during that time, was probably employed in the perfection of his great designs for the embellishment of the Parthenon. This fabric, one of the noblest efforts of human taste and skill, if indeed it does not deserve the very first place among them, owes its high character to the genius of this wonderful man:—and as an object so admirable in itself, and being the production of an era of so great refinement, deserves more than a mere passing notice.

It stands on the Acropolis; and is of white marble, in the form of a parallelogram; with two fronts, each composed of a double portico, or two rows of columns, supporting a pediment. These porticos are continued along the sides, in a single row of columns. The cella, or interior of the temple,

is accessible by two entrances, one in the centre of each front; these being the only apertures through which light was admitted within.

The sculptures with which this beautiful fabric was ornamented, were of three kinds. The first were reliefs wrought on the entablature of the portico, extending around the whole edifice; representing the combats of Theseus with the Centaurs: these were executed in very bold relief.

On the pediment of the Eastern front, was represented the birth of Minerva; on that of the Western front, her contest with Neptune. These two groups were composed of full and perfect statues, about twice the size of life, standing entirely detached from the wall, and finished with equal care on all sides, in the most exquisite style of workmanship, and anatomically correct in every lineament.

The third class of these admirable sculptures were those on the frieze of the *cella* or interior of the temple. The whole unbroken line of this frieze, extending around both the sides and ends of the temple, was filled with sculptures, in a relief less bold than those on the outer entablature.—These were executed in this style, on account of the small portion of light which was admitted to the interior, through the doors; which by casting too deep a shadow, would have rendered less distinct, objects sculptured in a more prominent relief. The subject here represented, and filling the whole frieze, was the annual procession of the Athenians to the great Panathenean festival. The whole mixed population of the city—old and young, male and female, rich and poor; the prince, the freeman, and the slave; with soldiers and priests, sacred emblems, and victims for the sacrifice, in an intermingled mass, were represented pouring through an avenue over the entrance at one end of the temple, separating to the right and left, and hastening forward, in two unbroken lines, towards the central point over the entrance at the other end; where the official personages and functionaries were represented as engaged in the rites of the festival. This frieze, presenting a surface of more than eighteen hundred square feet, thus completely filled with figures in every variety of drapery, attitude and expression, and all of the most beautiful and graceful proportions, was, in its perfect state, probably superior to any other work which had ever been accomplished by art.

The Parthenon had been successively used as a heathen temple, a Christian church, and a Mahometan mosque: and during all the chances and changes of time, had stood in its original beauty, for more than two thousand years. So late as the year 1676, this noble work, with all its sculptures, remained unimpaired. In 1687, during the siege of Athens by the Venetians, a Turkish magazine on the Acropolis exploded; and the Parthenon became a shattered ruin. For more than an hundred years after that event, it had been slowly crumbling to decay. A number of fragments had been carried to different parts of Europe; and at length, during the present century, most of the remaining sculptures have been removed to England, under the direction of Lord Elgin; and are now deposited in the British Museum, and known by the appellation of the "Elgin Marbles." These consist, besides smaller fragments, of fourteen blocks of marble, containing seventeen figures of the groups which stood in the *tympaña* or pediments of the two fronts, all in some degree mutilated; fifteen pieces of the bold reliefs from the outer entablature;—and about two hundred feet of the sculptures from the frieze of the interior. Some of these blocks are almost perfect: but the faces of most of them had been so much damaged, that portions only remain of the figures which they contained: the limbs and highly relieved parts of the different groups, being more or less shattered.

These fragments have excited the wonder and admiration of every spectator:—they have been of great utility to the votaries of art in Britain;—have aided much in the improvement of her public taste:—and have been, and continually are, affording models of grandeur in design, and surpassing beauty in execution, for the study of her artists. But still, when we reflect on the almost sacrilegious destruction which was caused by their removal;—when we consider that this was done by a compact between citizens of one of the most refined nations of modern, and the barbarous masters of the most enlightened land of ancient times, to remove from the

latter, the proudest among the few remaining trophies of her former glory—which "Goth, and Turk, and Time had spared," we can almost join in the burning satire of Byron:

"The Ocean Queen, the free Britannia bears
The last poor plunder from a foreign land.
Yes, she, whose generous aid her name endears,
Tore down these trophies with a Harpy's hand,
Which envious Eld forebore, and Tyrants left to stand."

We have thus dwelt, perhaps too long, upon the works of Phidias:—but have been induced to do so, not only on account of their exalted rank in the scale of art, but because so many of his undoubted productions are still in existence. There are, and ever must be, doubts respecting the identity of most of the works yet extant, which are ascribed to the masters of antiquity. This detracts much from their value when considered as illustrations of the history of art. Of those which have perished, we can form no correct or adequate conception. Did some of the best of these remain, what specimens of skill and perseverance would they present to our examination:—and were the histories of their execution preserved, with all their details of excited and disappointed hope; of vain endeavor, and of triumphant success—what lessons in the great science of human nature, might be read in the lives of the departed sons of art! We are told, indeed, of the wonders which they performed; of the vast amount of labor which they expended; of the days and nights, the years and the lives which they devoted to the prosecution of some glorious work, bearing the impress of their own transcendent minds: we hear of some high and impassioned spirit, like the young Pygmalion, pursuing his sleepless toil, and exerting, for years, his unwearied energies, while perfecting the sweet and voluptuous beauty of his sculptured goddess, until improvement had been exhausted, and invention could do no more;—but to throw down his chisel, and mourn in bitterness of spirit, at the thought, that he could not impart to her features, the varying expression of life and sense;—that she was but dull, cold marble, after all. The history of Art contains many such narratives, of genius tasking to the utmost its mighty powers, toiling in adversity, striving with disappointment, and wasting its energies, perhaps in vain: and many more have perished, with every memorial of those who had thus labored for a fleeting and evanescent fame.

In the ever lengthening series of distinguished names and of distinguished works, the continual accumulation of facts renders it necessary that in every succeeding age, the records of an eventful life should be more and more abbreviated and compressed: and at length, as the past becomes gradually removed from the present time, those minute details and characteristic traits, which would have aroused our interest, and awakened our fellow feeling for the departed mind, are, one by one, stricken from the page of the historian and the biographer, until nothing remains of the eventful life, but a brief, dull chronicle of dates and disconnected facts, which have no power to awaken interest in his achievements or sympathy for his fate.

Thus, with the labors of the artist's hands, pass away the lessons which we might derive from the labors of his mind. With the ancient poet or philosopher, the case is different;—we read his thoughts, sympathize with his feelings, glow with his conceptions, and commune with his departed spirit;—while the desolations of war, the silent fingers of Time, the flood and the fire, sweep away the productions of the architect, the painter, and the sculptor; and no traces of them remain, to prove that they have ever been. But, until this is done;—while any certain labors of their hands survive;—so long as we can stand before the marble to which they have almost given life, or can gaze upon the canvas which they have covered with almost breathing forms;—and can thus touch the connecting link which brings the electric spark of feeling, from their spirits to our own; we feel that they and their works are not the mere shadows of an antiquated page; but that they were men like ourselves, struggling with the vicissitudes of real life, elated by success and depressed by disappointment. Then, every thing which we can learn respecting them, brings its interest and instruction; and we dwell with delight on the certainty which it affords, while giving a fixed and permanent shape to our first indistinct and half-formed imaginings.

The great, pervading characteristic of the style of Phidias, is *grandeur*. It embodied much ideal beauty; but this was only by a combination of such beautiful forms as actually exist in living models; combined and wrought up into an harmonious whole, which, in no instance, at least in his marble sculptures, exceeds the realities of nature. The Ionic class of statues, many noble specimens of which had been executed before his day, had been, for a long time, gradually introducing a taste for this natural style. We have already mentioned the custom of erecting these, in honor of the successful champions of the Olympic Games. Those of the competitors in these feats of dexterity and skill, who had succeeded in being thrice crowned victors, were distinguished by statues of the most perfect workmanship, in every respect exact representations of themselves. This practice had been of great benefit to the Grecian artists:—for it not only afforded them, but compelled them faithfully to copy, strong and manly forms, exhibiting the most perfect developments of muscular strength, and accustomed to free and vigorous action: thus not only yielding the best models for study, but also forming an invaluable collection, for the imitation of succeeding times.

By an exact comparison of such well-developed forms, certain rules and laws of proportion had been established, on the principle of the just adaptation of the different parts of a human figure, in the formation of a perfect whole: and many statues had been executed as exemplifications of these ascertained laws. At length, treatises were written to illustrate them; these proportions were arranged in a *scale*, and tables containing them, prepared for the use of the artist and the amateur. These rules, thus obtained, being the results of long experience, have been often alluded to, both by ancient and modern writers, as the Grecian "Mathematical Canons of Art."

The merit of Phidias arose in a great degree, from the use which he made of the combined experience of former artists. The means and materials for his labors, had been thus prepared by his predecessors; and these were, by his gigantic and expanded intellect, wrought into such new and perfect combinations, and withal so exactly corresponding to the truth of nature, as to preclude almost the possibility of future improvement or competition.

The powers of exalted genius are not often exerted in the preparation of the crude materials for its labors. Its high prerogative rather consists in the power to commence its career at that point which bounds the range of ordinary intellects; and in collecting and combining the productions of their toil, for some greater and more extended purpose of its own.

G.

SCHOOLS.

We have frequently been gratified at the degree of attention which has been shown to the occasional remarks upon the subject of Education, which have been given in our columns. These remarks, have, in several instances, drawn forth communications respecting the claims of particular institutions upon public patronage; the publication of which, in most instances, we have been compelled to decline: for the simple reason, that most articles of that character, which are offered for insertion, are too evidently written through the dictates of personal interest, to meet the general objects for which this Journal was established. But although its pages cannot be open for the admission of advertisements in the form of communications; still we shall ever be happy to receive any fair notice of a valuable institution for the purposes of Education; provided it contains facts in which the public are interested, and is written for the benefit of the reader, and not of the writer.

In a late number, we gave a brief account of the French School recently organized in this city. The following note, since received from Mons. Bugard, is cheerfully inserted; as it affords some additional facts relating to the subject; and contains also a merited tribute to the character of one of our best seminaries, as well as to the exertions of its able instructor.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL.—Mr Editor,—In your Journal of December 21st, I observed a highly flattering notice of the institution recently established for teaching the French Lan-

guage, and which has been confided to my care. The manner in which this was done by your correspondent "E," whom I am happy to number among my pupils, although ignorant of his real name, was such, that my feelings dictate an acknowledgment to him, of my gratitude, which I wish also to extend to those with whom he is associated; particularly to the class of Ladies attached to the school, which he omitted to mention; and whose well applied and assiduous exertions give promise of much success. I feel grateful also to the editors of newspapers who have spoken with kindness of my exertions; as well as to those individuals who have generously afforded me their patronage. Among these, I should feel it an act of injustice, if I did not particularly refer to Mr Kingsbury; who, from the day of my arrival here, until the present, has furnished me a French class in his school, which is so well and successfully conducted under the unpretending name of the "Young Ladies' High School," when I was so destitute of other encouragement, that I had publicly announced my intention of removal from the city. This is mentioned not through a feeling of vanity on account of any value which I attach to my own services; but merely from a desire to acknowledge, that if my present pupils consider those services of any importance, it is through Mr Kingsbury and his school alone, that I have been induced and enabled to remain: and because this fact exhibits the character and dispositions of the patrons, pupils and principals of that meritorious institution. I beg leave to add, that I am acquainted with several other excellent schools in this city, for the instruction of young ladies, the teachers of which, I feel confident, from personal acquaintance, deserve every encouragement from the community.

I will merely add; that a high-sounding name is not always necessary in the establishment of a good school; if it has a respectable and competent instructor, who is capable of inspiring confidence; and who, instead of losing it after it is acquired; can preserve and augment it, by the services which he is enabled to render those who are entrusted to his care. From this last consideration, I am desirous that the one now under my charge, should be called neither the French "Academy," nor "Institute;" but simply, the French "School." Circumstances which it is unnecessary to relate, led to the choice of the former name; and other circumstances now induce the adoption of the latter, which will be hereafter used.

I should not dare to lengthen these already tedious remarks, were it not to earnestly request you to insert them in the Journal; and to once more, tender my gratitude to yourself and my respected patrons. B. F. BUGARD.

We also give place to the following just observations, from the pen of a female correspondent, on the system of instruction and discipline of the school in College-street; and from personal acquaintance, can ourselves speak confidently respecting the qualifications of the lady by whom it is conducted.

COLLEGE-STREET SCHOOL.—The method of instruction pursued in this school, should commend itself to the attention of parents. It is of a character adapted to secure the intellectual and moral advantages of the pupils. The importance, in an instructress, of judiciously combining both these objects, in her endeavors, cannot be too highly estimated. Education, it should be remembered, is not merely the acquisition by the pupil of this or that branch of study, or of many branches: it is far more than this. It is the harmonious development of mental and moral power;—it is the awakening and strengthening of the slumbering capabilities of the mind and heart: and that system does not deserve the name of education, no matter what separate acquirements are made, which, while it loads the memory, omits to bring forth and cultivate those higher powers, which can alone teach the true value and use of any mental acquisition.

The faculties of the mind receive their highest and most enduring impulses and motives, through the medium of our moral powers. Unless they receive their proper stimulus, the intellectual powers will never exert all their force, nor exercise their healthful and legitimate influence. The instructress of the school in College-street, evinces, by her method of teaching, a recognition of this fundamental

law of our nature. While we perceive in her pupils, a good measure of improvement, in all the branches appropriate to their age; we have also the satisfaction of knowing, that she secures this improvement, in connexion with a right cultivation of habits and affections; in fine, that she strives, early to impress them with the truth, that all their studies must be conducted as by moral and accountable beings. For the younger classes of pupils, a school like this, is a valuable auxiliary to fire-side discipline and instruction. A.

The subjoined lines will not be perused with indifference by those of our readers who are acquainted with the brief, but touching history of their author. This piece is written by Miss Taggart, of Middletown in this State, to whose talents and unhappy destiny, we have more than once referred. The peculiar circumstances under which it was composed, give it a degree of melancholy interest, even greater than that which attaches to her other poetry. It is not a delineation of imaginary feelings: but is the true and simple expression of those which had been called forth by the presence of a stern reality. Her father, whose last hour had been for some time expected, but whom, on account of her own situation, she had not been able to see during the four preceding weeks, although beneath the same roof with herself, was actually dying at the time. On the day of the funeral, the lines were dictated by her to a gentleman who had called to inquire respecting the condition of the destitute and suffering family; and were by him written out, at her request: she being unable to commit them to paper with her own hand.

It could not reasonably be expected, that a poem composed and dictated under such circumstances, by an uneducated female, should be entirely free from blemishes. Before sending it to the press, we have made a few verbal corrections. But the sense has been carefully preserved:—and indeed, most of the stanzas are given in the words of the original manuscript.

TO MY DYING FATHER.

BY CYNTHIA TAGGART.

My Father! sweet thine accents fall,
And full of tender love.
These will thy suffering child recal,
When thou art blest above.

Oh, shall, no more, my listening ear
Catch that celestial voice—
No more thy heavenly converse hear,
That bade my soul rejoice.

Those words of kind, parental care,
Which soothed my bed of pain;
That look of sympathy,—oh, ne'er
Shall I behold again!

Where shall thy suffering child repair,
To seek protection now—
Since Death's cold grasp—so often near—
Has touched thine honored brow.

Where shall this helpless, writhing form,
A kind supporter find?
And where—oh, where—'mid sorrow's storm,
Shall rest this struggling mind?

Who will, like thee, send up the prayer,
With strong desire, above:
And to the throne of Mercy, bear
The children of thy love?

Oh, blessed parent, guide, and friend,
Where shall my soul repose?
Our sky is dark—What ills attend—
The world no succour shows.

Where?—But alas!—on earth, how vain
To seek repose from grief!
Yet One the helpless will sustain—
My God will give relief.

Yes! He, to whom thy soul shall rise,
And be forever blest;
Will look in pity from the skies,
And give thy children, rest.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE STRING OF PEARLS; by the Author of "Darnley," &c. New-York. Harper and Brothers.—This volume deserves attention, from the fact, that it is the earliest work of an author who in the departments both of historical and fictitious writing, has acquired an enviable rank. Having been written, as we are informed by Mr James, in the Introduction, before he had attained his seventeenth year, it will not, of course, bear a comparison with the later works which he has sent forth in the full maturity of his intellect. But every one who has been delighted with the pages of his fine historical fictions, will be pleased with the opportunity of perusing the first efforts of such a mind. The "String of Pearls," when considered as a production of one so young, is certainly a remarkable book. It is a series of Oriental Tales, filled with all the strange magnificence and wild adventure, which gives fascination to the scenes of Eastern romance. It is precisely one of those volumes which we desire, in an hour when the mind seeks a respite from the realities of life, and delights to give uncontrolled range to the imagination;—to "see visions, and to dream dreams."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, AND THE NEW MONTHLY.—The last numbers of each of these celebrated periodicals contain even more than their usual amount of instructive and delightful reading. The successive numbers of each, are now republished in Boston, by Messrs Allen and Ticknor, immediately on their reception in this country; and the American reprints are uniformly executed in a style in no degree inferior to that of the original editions.

THE PEOPLE'S, AND THE PENNY MAGAZINES.—The circulation of these two cheap and valuable repositories of useful knowledge, is already very extensive, and appears to be rapidly increasing. They both deserve the encouragement which they receive.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Memoirs and Private Correspondence of Robert Hall; by Olynthus Gregory.

Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice, and the Physiology of Digestion: by William Beaumont, M. D. Surgeon U. S. Army.

Dwight's History of the Hartford Convention.

Young's Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. The Excitement: or a Book to induce Young Persons to read.

The Ornaments Discovered: (Boys' and Girls' Library.)

The Dominic's Legacy: by A. Picken.

Chatsworth.

Newton Forster: by the Author of "Peter Simple."

Waldemar; A Tale of the Thirty Years' War: by W. H. Harrison.

WORKS ANNOUNCED AS IN THE PRESS.

Life of General Alexander Hamilton: by his son, J. C. Hamilton, Esq.

Memoir of Rev. George Whitfield: compiled from his Journals, Letters, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The publication of the Tale, furnished by OMEGA, has been deferred; owing to our unwillingness to divide it. It shall appear, as soon as we can command sufficient space to give it entire.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Notice of the Character and Writings of Shelley: by EGERIA.

New-Year's Day: by A. E. (We regret that this article was not received in time for the present number.)

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SELECTIONS.—Old Hixie; (Tale.)—Musings in the Colosseum.—The Doom of Genius.—Hypochondriasis.—Howitt's Reply to Archdeacon Wilkins. **Poetry.**—My Heid is like to tend, Willie.—Where are They?—The March of Mind.

Miscellaneous Selections.

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

[This fine production is from the Collection of Poems by Motherell. In depth of feeling, and beauty of expression, it is unrivalled by any similar poem, with the exception, perhaps, of a very few of the best songs of Burns. He who can read it without emotion, must have a heart over which language has no power.]

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my breast-bane—
Oh, say you'll think on me, Willie,
When I am dead and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
Sair grief maun hae its will—
But let me rest upon your brierst,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never shall see mair.

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strong is its despair!

Oh wae's me, for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh wae's me, for the loavin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me, for the destinie,
That gart me love thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa' seek to blame—
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree to a world's shame!
Hot tears are hailin' ower your cheeks,
And hailin' ower your chin!
Why weep ye sae, for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin!

I'm weary o' the world, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see—
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair, the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red, langyne.

A stoun' goes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' thro' my heart—
Oh! haud me up; and let me kiss
Thy brow, ere we twa part,
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yard,
Step lightly, for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That tilts far ower our heid,
Will sing, the morn, as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-drops shimmering sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee,
As waird has seldom seen!

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit aye but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
That file my yellow hair;
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never shall kiss mair!

WHERE ARE THEY?

Bright eyes sparkle round me now,
Gentle fingers shade their beaming,
And round many a lovely brow
Are the glossy ringlets streaming—
Other eyes on me have shone,
Other brows I've gazed upon:
Recollections sighing say
Where are they? where are they?

There are happy moments yet,
Wake the soul of life and gladness,
Moments make the heart forget
Weeping awe and sighing sadness;
But the days which memory brings,
Cheer the soul like desert springs,
Recollections sighing say
Where are they? where are they?

There are scenes so fair and bright,
'Midst their charms we love to linger,
There are others traced in light
On the soul, by Memory's finger.
These are sweet, this heart must own;
Sweeter far the past has known;
Recollections sighing say,
Where are they? where are they?

THE MARCH OF MIND.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Fair nature smiled in all her bowers;
But man, that master work of God,
Unconscious of his latent powers,
The tangled forest trod:
Without a hope, without an aim,
Beyond the sloth's, the tiger's life,
His only pleasure sleep or strife,
And war his only fame.

Furious alike and causeless, beamed
His lasting hate, his transient love:
And e'en the mother's fondness seemed
The instinct of the dove.
The mental world was wrapt in night,
Though some, the diamonds of the mine,
Burst through the shrouding gloom, to shine
With self-emitted light!

Then did the glorious dawn unfold
The brighter day that lurked behind!
The march of armies may be told,
But not the March of Mind.
Instruction! child of Heaven and Earth,
As heat expands the vernal flower,
So Wisdom, Goodness, Freedom, Power,
From thee derive their birth.

From thee, all mortal bliss we draw;
From thee, Religion's blessed fruit;
From thee, the good of social law,
And man redeemed from brute;
From thee, all ties to Virtue dear,
The father's, brother's, husbands', name:
From thee, the sweet and holy fame
That never cost a tear.

THE EAST INDIAN JUGGLERS.—After they had exhibited a number of their ordinary tricks, such as swallowing a sword, blowing fire from the mouth, throwing the balls, &c, which are common to the most unskilful among them; one of the party, a woman, young, and beautifully formed, fixed on her head a fillet of a stiff, strong texture, to which were fastened at equal distances, twenty pieces of string of equal lengths, with a common noose at the end of each. Under her arm she carried a basket, in which twenty fowl's eggs were carefully deposited. Her basket, the fillet, and the nooses, were severally examined by my companions and myself,—there was evidently no deception. It was broad daylight, and the basket was of the simplest construction, the eggs and strings were all manifestly what they were represented to be; nor, in fact, had the woman any thing about her to aid deception, had she been disposed to practice it. She advanced alone and stood before us, within a few feet of where we were seated. She then began to move rapidly round upon a spot not more than eighteen inches in diameter, from which she never for an instant deviated, though, after a few moments, her rotation had become so exceedingly rapid as to render it all but painful to look at her. She absolutely spun round like a top.

When her body had reached its extreme point of acceleration, she quickly drew down one of the strings which had formed a horizontal circle round her, and put an egg into the noose; when this was secured, she jerked it back to its original position, still continuing her gyrations with undiminished velocity, and repeating the process until she had secured the whole twenty eggs in the nooses previously prepared to receive them. She projected them rapidly from her hand the moment she had secured them, until at length the whole were flying round her in one unbroken circular line. After the eggs had been thus strung, she continued her motion for full five minutes, without the least diminution of her velocity, to our undissembled astonishment; when, taking the strings one by one, she displaced the eggs from their respective nooses, laid them in her basket, and then in one instant stopped, without the movement of a limb, or even the vibration of a muscle, as if she had been suddenly fixed into marble. Her countenance was perfectly calm; she exhibited not the slightest distress from her extraordinary exertions,

but received our applauses with an apparent modesty of demeanor, which was no doubt rather the result of constitutional apathy, than refinement of feeling; for these jugglers are generally among the most depraved of their caste.—*Oriental Annual for 1834.*

IRISH PEASANTRY.—'Sure, the chimney carries off all the hate of the fire with the smoke,' said old Mudge Casey, 'and the cabin is n't half so warm as it used to be: and thin them plaguy windows lets in so much light, that if there's a speck of dirt, they shows it; besides they're so aasily broken, and then the mistress and young lady are vexed if we fill up the broken pane with a wisp of straw or ould rags, as we used to do with the ould windows. The floor, too, is so hard to the feet, and must be claned continually; and as for the roof, sure, it's as cold as ice, and as white and shining too, and keeps none of the hate in, as you may see by its having none of the marks of smoke on it. Och! it's not to be compared to the elegant roofs we had before, with the sticks across for the hens to roost on; and sure it was so comfortable to have all the cocks and hens over our head, crowing and fighting, and the pigs rousing on the floor, and muddling in the lochs of water running here and there between our feet, and putting their snouts into the iron pots, just as if they were their own trouffs, and that they knew they had the best right to 'em, as sure they certainly had, for they were the rale rint payers. But now every thing is changed, and they want to make us English, which they never can do, barrin' we're born over again; and sure it's a pity they won't let us be comfortable in our own way. Sure, them English must work like galley slaves, or niggers, merely to keep the house clane: and what fools they must be to be thinking of the comforts of the house, as if it was a Christian, instead of thinking of their own. I dare say the ladies did it all for the best; but we've never had a bit of pace or comfort since we took to their English ways; and as for the poor pigs, sure they're so lonesome and low-spirited since they're kept in their styas, instead of having the run of the house, that it's dismal to hear the moaning and grunting of 'em. The poor cocks and hens, too, are quite on the shockarone; and the young ducks and goslings, that used to be so happy, swimming in the little muddy ponds of water on the floor, are now straying about as if they did 'nt know what to do with themselves.—Och! it's a dismal thing to see a family scattered about in such a manner, that used to be all happy and comfortable under the same roof, fattening and thriving together on the same victual, and as a body might say, having but the same bed and the same board. God forgive them that's the cause of all this chagement, for I'm sure they meant it for the best.'—From "The Repealers," by Lady Blessington.

LORD BROUGHAM'S THREE RULES.—For the benefit of the younger part of the audience especially, I will relate part of a conversation which passed between one of my friends and the Lord Chancellor. My friend asked the Chancellor, by what means he was enabled to get through so much business. "I have three rules," was the reply. "The first is, to be a whole man to one thing at a time: the second, never to lose an opportunity of doing any thing which can be done: the third, never to entrust to others what I ought to do myself."—Gurney.

JOHN BUNYAN.—The following anecdote of John Bunyan, is extracted from the National Banner, the editor of which paper states that he found it in an old London book, and that it has not been published in any memoir of his life.

Bunyan was a tinker; and, as is well known, was persecuted on account of his religion: and as a matter of course, he, with all the puritans, were adherents of Cromwell. He was a soldier in Cromwell's army, and upon one occasion he was ordered on duty as a sentinel. One of his followers offered to take his place, to which Bunyan acceded. The poor fellow was killed by a ball, upon which Bunyan made the following remark:—"This was a christian act," said John, "for it was in a moment of peril. The poor fellow was shot by a musket bullet. Had Providence drilled such a hole in my carnal kettle, it had been past my mending."

A NICE POINT.—A periodical writer, whose entertaining papers appeared about the middle of the last century, tells of a Lord Mayor's Ball that was thrown into great confusion, by a dispute for precedence, between a Watch-spring-maker's lady, and the wife of a Watch-case-joint-finisher.

No marvel, woman should love flowers, they bear so much of fanciful similitude to her own history.

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